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The
Crecian Daughter
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THE GRECIAN DAUGHTER.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

EVANDER
DIONYSIUS
PHOCION
MELANTHON
PHILOTAS
ARCAS

CALIPPUS
SELEUCUS
GREEK HERALD

EUPHRASIA
ERIXENE,

ACT I.

Enter Melanthon and Philotas.

Melan. Yet, yet a moment; hear, Philotas,
hear me.

Phil. No more; it must not be.

Melan. Obdurate man!

Thus wilt thou spurn me, when a king distress'd,
A good, a virtuous, venerable king;
The father of his people, from a throne
Which long with ev'ry virtue he adorn'd,
Torn by a ruffian, by a tyrant's hand,
Groans in captivity? In his own palace
Lives a sequester'd prisoner?—Oh! Philotas,
If thou hast not renounc'd humanity,
Let me behold my sovereign; once again
Admit me to his presence; let me see
My royal master.

Phil. Urge thy suit no further;
Thy words are fruitless; Dionysius' orders

Forbid access ; he is our sov'reign now ;
'Tis his to give the law, mine to obey.

Melan. Thou canst not mean it : his, to give
the law !

Detested spoiler !—his ! a vile usurper !
Have we forgot the elder Dionysius,
Surnam'd the tyrant ? To Sicilia's throne
The monster waded through whole seas of blood.
Sore groan'd the land beneath his iron rod ;
'Till rous'd at length, Evander came to Greece,
Like freedom's genius came, and sent the tyrant,
Stript of the crown, and to his humble rank
Once more reduc'd, to roam, for vile subsistence
A wandering sophist through the realms of Greece.

Phil. Whate'er his right, to him in Syracuse
All bend the knee ; his the supreme dominion,
And death and torment wait his sovereign nod.

Melan. But soon that pow'r shall cease : be-
hold his walls

Now close encircled by the Grecian bands :
Timoleon leads them on ; indignant Corinth
Sends her avenger forth, array'd in terror
To hurl ambition from a throne usurp'd,
And bid all Sicily resume her rights.

Phil. Thou wert a statesman once, Melanthon ;
now,

Grown dim with age, thy eye pervades no more
The deep-laid schemes which Dionysius plans.
Know then, a fleet from Carthage even now
Stems the rough billow ; and, ere yonder sun,
That now declining seeks the western wave,
Shall to the shades of night resign the world,
Thou'lt see the punic sails in yonder bay,
Whose waters wash the walls of Syracuse.

Melan. Art thou a stranger to Timoleon's name?
Intent to plan, and circumspect to see
All possible events, he rushes on
Resistless in his course! your boasted master
Scarce stands at bay; each hour the strong block-
ade

Hems him in closer, and ere long thou'lt view
Oppression's iron rod to fragments shiver'd;
The good Evander then——

Phil. Alas! Evander

Will ne'er behold the golden time you look for!

Melan. How! not behold it! Say, Philotas,
speak;

Has the fell tyrant, have his felon murderers——

Phil. As yet, my friend, Evander lives.

Melan. And yet

Thy dark, half-hinted purpose—lead me to him;
If thou hast murder'd him——

Phil. By heav'n, he lives!

Melan. Then bless me with one tender inter-
view.

Thrice has the sun gone down, since last these
eyes

Have seen the good old king: say, why is this?
Wherefore debarr'd his presence? Thee, Philotas,
The troops obey, that guard the royal prisoner;
Each avenue to thee is open; thou
Canst grant admittance: let me, let me see him.

Phil. Entreat no more; the soul of Dionysius
Is ever wakeful; rent with all the pangs
That wait on conscious guilt.

Melan. But when dun night——

Phil. Alas! it cannot be; but mark my words:
Let Greece urge on her general assault.

Despatch some friend, who may o'erleap the walls,
 And tell Timoleon, the good old Evander
 Has liv'd three days, by Dionysius' order,
 Lock'd up from ev'ry sustenance of nature ;
 And life now wearied out, almost expires.

Melan. If any spark of virtue dwell within thee.
 Lead me, Philotas, lead me to his prison.

Phil. The tyrant's jealous care hath mov'd him
 thence.

Melan. Ha ! mov'd him, say'st thou ?

Phil. At the midnight hour,
 Silent convey'd him up the steep ascent,
 To where the elder Dionysius form'd,
 On the sharp summit of the pointed rock
 Which overhangs the deep, a dungeon drear :
 Cell within cell, a labyrinth of horror,
 Deep eavern'd in the cliff, where many a wretch,
 Unseen by mortal eye, has groan'd in anguish,
 And died obscure, unpitied, and unknown.

Melan. Clandestine murderer ! Yes, there's
 the scene

Of horrid massacre. Full oft I've walk'd,
 When all things lay in sleep, and darkness hush'd ;
 Yes, oft I've walk'd the lonely sullen beach,
 And heard the mournful sound of many a corse
 Plung'd from the rock into the wave beneath,
 That murmurs on the shore. And means he thus
 To end a monarch's life ? Oh ! grant my pray'r ;
 My timely succour may protect his days ;
 The guard is yours——

Phil. Forbear ; thou plead'st in vain ,
 I must not yield ; it were assur'd destruction,
 Farewell ; despatch a message to the Greeks ;
 I'll to my station ; now thou know'st the worst.
 [Exit.

Melan. Oh! lost Evander! Lost Euphrasia too!

How will her gentle nature bear the shock
Of a dear father, thus in ling'ring pangs
A prey to famine, like the veriest wretch
Whom the hard hand of misery had grip'd!
In vain she'll rave with impotence of sorrow;
Perhaps provoke her fate: Greece arms in vain;
All's lost; Evander dies!

Enter Calippus.

Calip. Where is the king?
Our troops, that sallied to attack the foe,
Retire disorder'd; to the eastern gate
The Greeks pursue; Timoleon rides in blood!
Arm, arm, and meet their fury.

Melan. To the citadel
Direct thy footsteps; Dionysius there
Marshals a chosen band.

Calip. Do thou call forth
Thy hardy veterans; haste, or all is lost; [*Exit.*
[*Warlike Music.*

Melan. Now, ye just Gods, now look propitious down;
Now give the Grecian sabre tenfold edge,
And save a virtuous king! [*Warlike Music.*

Enter Euphrasia.

Euph. War on, ye heroes,
Ye great assertors of a monarch's cause!
Let the wild tempest rise. Melanthon, ha!
Didst thou not hear the vast tremendous roar?
Down tumbling from its base, the eastern tow'r
Burst on the tyrant's ranks, and on the plain

Lies an extended ruin.

Melan. Still new horrors
Increase each hour, and gather round our heads.

Euph. The glorious tumult lifts my tow'ring
soul.

Once more, Melanthon, once again, my father
Shall mount Sicilia's throne.

Melan. Alas ! that hour
Would come with joy to ev'ry honest heart,
Would shed divinest blessings from its wing :
But no such hour, in all the round of time,
I fear, the fates averse will e'er lead on.

Euph. And still, Melanthon, still does pale
despair
Depress thy spirit ? Lo ! Timoleon comes,
Arm'd with the pow'r of Greece : the brave, the
just,

God-like Timoleon ! ardent to redress,
He guides the war, and gains upon his prey.
A little interval shall set the victor
Within our gates triumphant.

Melan. Still my fears
Forebode for thee. Would thou hadst left this
place,
When hence your husband, the brave Phocion,
fled,

Fled with your infant son !

Euph. In duty fix'd,
Here I remain'd, while my brave gen'rous Pho-
cion

Fled with my child, and from his mother's arms
Bore my sweet little one. Full well thou know'st
The pangs I suffer'd in that trying moment :
Did I not weep ? Did I not rave and shriek,

And by the roots tear my dishevell'd hair?
 Did I not follow to the sea-beat shore,
 Resolv'd with him and with my blooming boy
 To chase the winds and waves?

Melan. Deem not, Euphrasia,
 I e'er can doubt thy constancy and love.

Euph. Melanthon, how I lov'd the god who
 saw

Each secret image that my fancy form'd,
 The gods can witness how I lov'd my Phocion.
 And yet I went not with him. Could I do it?
 Could I desert my father? Could I leave
 The venerable man, who gave me being,
 A victim here in Syracuse, nor stay
 To watch his fate, to visit his affliction,
 To cheer his prison hours, and with the tear
 Of filial virtue bid ev'n bondage smile?

Melan. The pious act, whate'er the fates in-
 tend,
 Shall merit heart-felt praise.

Euph. Yes, Phocion, go;
 Go with thy child, torn from this matron breast,
 This breast that still should yield it's nurture to
 him;

Fly with my infant to some happier shore;
 If he be safe, Euphrasia dies content.
 Till that sad close of all, the task be mine
 To tend a father with delighted care,
 To smooth the pillow of declining age,
 See him sink gradual into mere decay,
 On the last verge of life watch ev'ry look,
 Explore each fond unutterable wish,
 Catch his last breath, and close his eyes in peace.

Melan. I would not add to thy afflictions; yet

My heart misgives ;—Evander's fatal period—

Euph. Still is far off, the gods have sent relief,
And once again I shall behold him king.

Melan. What should I utter, what would plunge
thee down
In deep despair ?

Euph. The spirit stirring virtue,
That glows within me, ne'er shall know despair. *
No, I will trust the gods. Desponding man !
Hast thou not heard with what resistless ardour
Timoleon drives the tumult of the war ?
Hast thou not heard him thund'ring at our gates ?
The tyrant's pent up in his last retreat ;
Anon thou'lt see his battlements in dust :
His walls, his ramparts, and his tow'rs in ruin ;
Destruction pouring in on ev'ry side,
Pride and oppression at their utmost need,
And nought to save him in his hopeless hour.

(Flourish of drums and trumpets.)

Melan. Ha ! the fell tyrant comes—Beguile
his rage,
And o'er your sorrows cast a dawn of gladness.

(Flourish of drums and trumpets.)

Enter Dionysius, Calippus, and Officers.

Dion. The vain presumptuous Greek ! his
hopes of conquest,
Like a gay dream, are vanish'd into air.
Proudly elate, and flush'd with easy triumph
O'er vulgar warriors, to the gates of Syracuse
He urg'd the war, till Dionysius' arm
Let slaughter loose, and taught his dastard trains
To seek their safety by inglorious flight.

Euph. O Dionysius, if distracting fears
Alarm this throbbing bosom, you will pardon
A frail and tender sex. Should ruthless war
Roam through our streets, and riot here in blood
Where shall the lost Euphrasia find a shelter?
In vain she'll kneel, and clasp the sacred altar.
O let me then, in mercy let me seek
The gloomy mansion, where my father dwells;
I die content, if in his arms I perish.

Dion. Thou lovely trembler, hush thy fears to
rest,
The Greek recoils: like the impetuous surge
That dashes on the rock, there breaks, and foams
And backward rolls into the sea again.
All shall be well in Syracuse: a fleet
Appears in view, and brings the chosen sons
Of Carthage. From the hill that fronts the main,
I saw their canvass swelling with the wind,
While on the purple wave the western sun
Glanc'd the remains of day.

Euph. Yet till the fury
Of war subside, the wild, the horrid interval,
In safety let me soothe to dear delight
In a lov'd father's presence; from his sight,
For three long days, with specious feign'd excuse,
Your guards debarr'd me. Oh! while yet he
lives,

Indulge a daughter's love: worn out with age,
Soon must he seal his eyes in endless night,
And with his converse charm my ear no more.

Dion. Why thus anticipate misfortune?
Evander mocks the injuries of time.
Calippus, thou survey the city round;
Station the centinels, that no surprise

Invade the unguarded works, while drowsy
 night
 Weighs down the soldier's eye.

[*Exit Calippus.*]

Afflicted fair,
 Thy couch invites thee. When the tumult's o'er—
 Thou'lt see Evander with redoubled joy.
 Though now, unequal to the cares of empire,
 His age sequester him, yet honours high
 Shall gild the ev'ning of his various day.

Euph. For this benignity accept my thanks;
 They gush in tears, and my heart pours its tri-
 bute.

Dion. Perdiccas, ere the morn's revolving
 light

Unveil the face of things, do thou despatch
 A well oar'd galley to Hamilcar's fleet;
 At the north point of yonder promontory
 Let some selected officer instruct him
 To moor his ships, and issue on the land.

[*Exit an Officer.*]

Then may Timoleon tremble; vengeance then
 Shall overwhelm his camp, pursue his bands
 With fatal havoc to the ocean's margin,
 And cast their limbs to glut the vulture's famine
 In mangled heaps upon the naked shore.

(*Flourish of drums and trumpets.*)

[*Exeunt Dionysius and Officers.*]

Euph. What do I hear? Melanthon can it
 be?

If Carthage comes, if her perfidious sons
 List in his cause, the dawn of freedom's gone,

Melan. Woe, bitt' rest woe impends; thou
wouldst not think—

Euph. How!—Speak!—unfold—

Melan. My tongue denies its office.

Euph. How is my father? Say, Melanthon—

Melan. He—

I fear to shock thee with the tale of horror!
Perhaps he dies this moment.—Since Timoleon
First form'd his lines round this beleaguer'd city,
No nutriment has touch'd Evander's lips.
In the deep caverns of the rock imprison'd,
He pines in bitterest want.

Euph. Well, my heart,
Well do your vital drops forget to flow.

Melan. Enough his sword has reek'd with public slaughter;
Now dark insidious deeds must thin mankind.
Despair, alas! is all the sad resource
Our fate allows us, now.

Euph. Yet why despair?
Is that the tribute to a father due?
Blood is his due, Melanthon.
Come, vengeance, come, shake off this feeble sex,
Sinew my arm, and guide it to his heart.
And thou, O filial piety, that rul'st
My woman's breast, turn to vindictive rage;
Assume the part of justice; show mankind
Tyrannic guilt hath never dar'd in Syracuse,
Beyond the reach of virtue.

Melan. Moderate your zeal,
Nor let him hear these transports of the soul,
These wild upbraidings.

Euph. Shall Euphrasia's voice
Be hush'd to silence, when a father dies?

Shall not the monster hear his deeds accurst ?
 Shall he not tremble, when a daughter comes,
 Wild with her griefs, and terrible with wrongs ;
 Fierce in despair, all nature in her cause,
 Alarm'd and rous'd with horror ?—Yes, Melan-
 thon,

The man of blood shall hear me ; yes, my voice
 Shall mount aloft upon the whirlwind's wing,
 Pierce yon blue vault, and at the throne of heav'n
 Call down red vengeance on the murd'rer's head.
 Melanthon, come ; my wrongs will lend me
 force ;

The weakness of my sex is gone ; this arm
 Feels tenfold strength ; this arm shall do a deed,
 For heav'n and earth, for men and gods to wonder
 at !

This arm shall vindicate a father's cause.

ACT II.

SCENE.—*A wild romantic Scene, amidst over-
 hanging Rocks ; a cavern on one side.*

Arcas, with a spear in his hand, discovered.

Arcas. The gloom of night sits heavy on the
 world ;

And o'er the solemn scene such stillness reigns,
 As 'twere a pause of nature : on the beach
 No murmuring billow breaks ; the Grecian tents
 Lie sunk in sleep ; no gleaming fires are seen ;
 All Syracuse is hush'd ; no stir abroad,
 Save ever and anon the dashing oar,
 That beats the sullen wave. And hark !—Was
 that

The groan of anguish from Evander's cell,
Piercing the midnight gloom?—It is the sound
Of bustling prows, that cleave the briny deep.
Perhaps at this dead hour Hamilcar's fleet
Rides in the bay.

Enter Philotas from the cavern.

Phil. What ho!—brave Arcas!—ho!

Arcas. Why thus desert thy couch?

Phil. Methought the sound
Of distant uproar chas'd affrighted sleep.

Arcas. At intervals, the oar's resounding
stroke
Comes echoing from the main. Save that report
A death-like silence through the wide expanse
Broods o'er the dreary coast.

Phil. Do thou retire,
And seek repose; the duty of thy watch
Is now perform'd; I take thy post.

Arcas. How fares
Your royal pris'ner?

Phil. Arcas, shall I own
A secret weakness? My heart inward melts
To see that suffering virtue. On the earth,
The cold, damp earth, the royal victim lies;
And while pale famine drinks his vital spirit
He welcomes death and smiles himself to rest.
Oh, would I could relieve him!

Arcas. May no alarm disturb thee.

[Exit into the cavern.]

Phil. Some dread event is lab'ring into birth.
At close of day the sullen sky held forth
Unerring signals—With disastrous glare
The moon's full orb rose crimson'd o'er with
blood;

And lo ! athwart the gloom a falling star
Trails a long tract of fire !—What daring step
Sounds on the flinty rock ? Stand there ; what,
ho !

Speak, ere thou dar'st advance. Unfold thy
purpose.

Who, and what art thou ?

(Euphrasia, without.

Euph. Mine no hostile step ;
I bring no valour to alarm thy fears ;
It is a friend approaches.

Phil. Ha ! what mean
Those plaintive notes ?

Euph. Here is no ambush'd Greek,
No warrior to surprise thee on the watch.
An humble suppliant comes—Alas, my strength
Exhausted, quite forsakes this weary frame.

Phil. What voice thus piercing thro' the
gloom of night—
What art thou ? What thy errand ?—quickly
say,

Wherefore alarm'st thou thus our peaceful watch ?

Enter Euphrasia.

Euph. Let no mistrust alight thee. Lo ! a
wretch,
The veriest wretch that ever groan'd in anguish,
Comes here to grovel on the earth before thee,
To tell her sad, sad tale, implore thy aid,
For sure the pow'r is thine ; thou canst relieve
My bleeding heart, and soften all my woe.

Phil. Euphrasia !

Why, princess, thus anticipate the dawn ?
Still sleep and silence wrap the weary world ;

The stars in mid career usurp the pole;
The Grecian bands, the winds, the waves are
hush'd;

All things are mute around us; all but you,
Rest in oblivious slumber from their cares.

Euph. Yes, all, all rest: the very murd'rer
sleeps;

Guilt is at rest: I only wake to misery.

Phil. How didst thou gain the summit of the
rock?

Euph. Give me my father; here you hold him
fetter'd:

Oh! give him to me;—If ever
The touch of nature throb'd within your breast,
Admit me to Evander: in these caves
I know he pines in want: let me convey
Some charitable succour to a father.

Phil. Alas! Euphrasia, would I dare comply

Euph. It will be virtue in thee. Thou, like me,
Wert born in Greece:—Oh! by our common
parent—

Nay, stay: thou shalt not fly; Philotas, stay—
You have a father too!—think, were his lot
Hard as Evander's, if by felon hands
Chain'd to the earth, with slow consuming pangs
He felt sharp want, and with an asking eye
Implor'd relief, yet cruel men deny'd it;—
Would'st thou not burst through adamantine
gates,

Through walls and rocks, to save him? Think,
Philotas,

Of thy own aged sire, and pity mine.
Think of the agonies a daughter feels,
When thus a parent wants the common food

The bounteous hand of nature meant for all.

Phil. 'Twere best withdraw thee, princess;
thy assistance

Evander wants not: it is fruitless all;

Thy tears, thy entreaties, are in vain.

Euph. Ha! thou hast murder'd him! He is
no more!

I understand thee; butchers, you have shed
The precious drops of life.

Phil. Alas! this frantie grief ean nought avail;
Retire, and seek the couch of balmy sleep,
In this dead hour, this season of repose.

Euph. And dost thou then, inhuman that thou
art,

Advise a wretch like me to know repose?

This is my last abode: these caves, these rocks,
Shall ring for ever with Euphrasia's wrongs;
Here will I dwell, and rave, and shriek, and give
These scatter'd locks to all the passing wind
Call on Evander lost;
And cruel gods, and cruel stars invoking,
Stand on the cliff in madness and despair!

(Falls on the ground.)

Phil. By heav'n,
My heart in pity bleeds.

Euph. Talk'st thou of pity—
Yield to the gen'rous instinct; grant my pray'r;
Let my eyes view him, gaze their last upon him,
And shew you have some sense of human woe.

Phil. Oh! thou has conquer'd—Go, Euphrasia
go,

Behold thy father—

Euph. Raise me, raise me up:
I'll bathe thy hand with tears, thou gen'rous man;

Phil. Yet mark my words; if ought of
nourishment
Thou wouldst convey, my partner's of the watch
Will ne'er consent——

Euph. I will observe your orders :
On any terms, oh ! let me, let me see him.

Phil. Your lamp will guide thee thro' the
cavern'd way.

Euph. My heart runs o'er in thanks : the pious
act
Timoleon shall reward ; the bounteous gods,
And thy own virtue, shall reward the deed.

(Goes into the Cave.)

Phil. Prevailing, pow'ful virtue !—Thou
subduest
The stubborn heart, and mould'st it to thy
purpose.
'Would I could save them !—But tho' not for me
The glorious pow'r to shelter innocence,
Yet for a moment to assuage its woes,
Is the best sympathy, the purest joy,
Nature intended for the heart of man,
When thus she gave the social gen'rous tear.

(Exit.)

SCENE.—*The Inside of the Cavern.*

Enter Arcas and Euphrasia.

Arcas. No ; on my life I dare not.

Euph. But a small,
A wretched pittance ; one poor cordial drop,
To renovate exhausted drooping age ;
I ask no more.

Arcas. Not the smallest store
Of scanty nourishment must pass these walls ;

Our lives were forfeit else : a moment's parley
Is all I grant ; in yonder cave he lies.

Evan. (*Within the cell*) Oh ! struggling
nature ! let thy conflict end.

Oh ! give me, give me rest !

Euph. My father's voice !

It pierces here ! it cleaves my very heart !

I shall expire, and never see him more.

Arcas. Repose thee, princess, here (*Draws a
—here rest thy limbs, couch.*)

Till the returning blood shall lend thee firmness.

Evan. Oh, oh, oh !—

Euph. The caves, the rocks, re-echo to his
groans

And is there no relief ?

Arcas. All I can grant,

You shall command. I will unbar the dungeon,
Unloose the chain that binds him to the rock,
And leave your interview without restraint.

(*Opens a cell in the back scene.*)

Euph. Hold, hold, my heart ! Oh ! how shall
I sustain

The agonizing scene ? (*Rises.*) I must behold him ;
Nature, that drives me on, will lend me force.

Is that his mansion ?

Arcas. Take your last farewell.

His vigour seems not yet exhausted quite.

You must be brief, or ruin will ensue. (*Exit.*)

Evan. (*Raising himself.*) Oh ! when shall I
get free ? These ling'ring pangs—

Euph. Behold, ye pow'rs, that spectacle of woe.

Evan. Despatch me, pitying gods, and save
my child.

I burn, I burn! Alas! no place of rest!

Rises, and comes out.

A little air; once more a breath of air:

Alas! I faint—I die. *(Falls against a rock.)*

Euph. Heart-piercing sight!

Let me support you, sir.

Evan. Oh! lend your arm—

Whoe'er thou art, I thank thee—That kind breeze
Comes gently o'er my senses—Lead me forward.
And is there left one charitable hand

To reach its succour to a wretch like me?

Euph. Well may'st thou ask it. Oh, my
breaking heart!

The hand of death is on him.

Evan. Still a little,

A little onward to the air conduct me.

'Tis well;—I thank thee; thou art kind and good;
And much I wonder at this gen'rous pity.

Euph. Do you not know me, sir?

Evan. Methinks I know

That voice: art thou——Alas! my eyes are dim.
Each object swims before me——No, in truth,
I do not know thee.

Euph. Not your own Euphrasia?

Evan. Art thou my daughter?

Euph. Oh, my honour'd sire!

Evan. My daughter, my Euphrasia? come to
close

A father's eyes!——Giv'n to my last embrace!

Gods! do I hold her once again?—Your mercies
Are without number— *(Falls on the couch.)*

I would pour my praise—

You read my heart—you see what passes there.

Euph. Alas, he faints ; the gushing tide of transport
Bears down each feeble sense—Restore him, heaven.

Evan. All, my Euphrasia, all will soon be well.

Pass but a moment, and this busy globe,
Its thrones, its empires, and its bustling millions,

Will seem a speck in the great void of space.
Yet while I stay, thou darling of my age !

Nay, dry those tears——

Euph. I will, my father.

Evan. Where,

I fear to ask it, where is virtuous Phocion ?

Euph. Fled from the tyrant's power.

Evan. And left thee here,

Expos'd and helpless ?

Euph. He is all truth and honour :
He fled to save my child.

Evan. My young Evander !

Your boy is safe, Euphrasia ? Oh, my heart !

Alas ! quite gone ! worn out with misery.

Oh, weak, decay'd old man.

Euph. Inhuman wretches !

Will none relieve his want ? A drop of water
Might save his life ; and ev'n that's deny'd him.

Evan. These strong emotions—Oh, that eager
air——

It is too much. (*Rises.*) Assist me ; bear me
hence ;

And lay me down in peace.

Euph. His eyes are fix'd !

And those pale quiv'ring lips He clasps my
hand :

What, no assistance ! Monsters, will you thus
Let him expire in these weak feeble arms ?

Enter Philotas.

Phil. Those wild, those piercing shrieks, will
give th' alarm.

Euph. Support him ; bear him hence ; 'tis all
I ask.

Evan. (*As he is carried off.*) O, Death !
where art thou ?

Come, in mercy come,
And lay me pillow'd in eternal rest.

My child—where art thou ? Give me—reach thy
hand—

Why dost thou weep ?—My eyes are dry—Alas !
Quite parch'd my lips—quite parch'd, they cleave
together. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Arcas.

Arcas. The grey of morn breaks thro' yon
eastern clouds.

'Twere time this interview should end : the hour
Now warns Euphrasia hence : what man could
dare,

I have indulg'd. Philotas !—Ha ! the cell
Left void !—Evander gone !—What may this
mean ?

Philotas, speak !

Enter Philotas.

Phil. Oh ! vile detested lot,
Here to obey the savage tyrant's will,
And murder virtue, that can thus behold
It's executioner, and smile upon him,

That piteous sight :

Arcas. She must withdraw, Philotas ;
Delay undoes us both. 'The restless main
Glow with the blush of day.

The time requires,
Without or further pause, or vain excuse,
That she depart this moment.

Phil. Arcas, yes ;

My voice shall warn her of the approaching
danger. [Exit.]

Arcas. 'Would she had ne'er adventur'd to our
guard.

I dread th' event ; and hark !—the wind conveys
In clearer sound the uproar of the main.
The fates prepare new havock ; on th' event
Depends the fate of empire. Wherefore thus
Delays Euphrasia ?—Ha ! what means, Philotas,
That sudden haste, that pale disorder'd look ?

Enter Philotas.

Phil. O ! I can hold no more ; at such a sight
Ev'n the hard heart of tyranny would melt
To infant softness. Arcas, go, behold
The pious fraud of charity and love ;
Behold that unexampled goodness ; see
Th' expedient sharp necessity has taught her ;—
Thy heart will burn, will melt, will yearn, to view
A child like her.

Arcas. Ha !—Say, what mystery
Wakes these emotions ?

Phil. Wonder-working virtue !
The father foster'd at his daughter's breast !—
O, filial piety !—The milk design'd
For her own offspring, on the parent's lip

Allays the parching fever.

Arcas. That device
Has she then form'd eluding all our care,
To minister relief?

Phil. On the bare earth
Evander lies ; and as his languid pow'rs
Imbibe with eager thirst the kind refreshment,
And his looks speak unutterable thanks,
Euphrasia views him with the tend'rest glance,
Ev'n as a mother doating on her child,
And, ever and anon, amidst the smiles
Of pure delight, of exquisite sensation,
A silent tear steals down, the tear of virtue,
That sweetens grief to rapture ! All her laws
Inverted quite, great Nature triumphs still.

Arcas. The tale unmans my soul.

Phil. Ye tyrants, hear it,
And learn, that while your cruelty prepares
Unheard-of torture, virtue can keep pace
With your worst efforts, and can try new modes
To bid men grow enamour'd of her charms.

Arcas. Philotas, for Euphrasia, in her cause
I now can hazard all. Let us preserve
Her father for her.

Phil. Oh ! her lovely daring
Transcends all praise. By heav'n, he shall not
die.

Arcas. And yet we must be wary ; I'll go forth,
And first explore each avenue around
Lest the fix'd centinel obstruct your purpose.

(Exit.)

Phil. I thank thee, Arcas ; we will act like men
Who feel for others' woes—She leads him forth,
And tremblingly supports his drooping age.

Enter Euphrasia and Evander.

Evan. Euphrasia, Oh! my child! returning
life

Glows here about my heart. Conduct me forward—

At the last gasp preserv'd! Ha! dawning light!

Let me behold; in faith, I see thee now;

I do indeed: the father sees his child.

Euph. I have reliev'd him—Oh! the joy's too
great;

'Tis speechless rapture!

Evan. Blessings, blessings on thee!

Euph. My father still shall live. Alas! Philo-
tas,

Could I abandon that white hoary head,

That venerable form?—Abandon him,

To perish here in misery and famine?

Phil. Thy tears, thou miracle of goodness!

Have triumph'd o'er me.

Take him, take your father;

Convey him hence: I do release him to you.

Evan. What said Philotas!—Do I fondly
dream?

Indeed my senses are imperfect; yet

Methought I heard him! Did he say, release me?

Phil. Thou art my king, and now no more my
pris'ner;

Go with your daughter, with that wond'rous
pattern

Of filial piety to after times.

Yes, princess, lead him forth; I'll point the path.

Whose soft declivity will guide your steps

To the deep vale, which these o'erhanging rocks

Encompass round. You may convey him thence

To some safe shelter. Yet a moment's pause ;
 I must conceal your flight from ev'ry eye.
 Yes, I will save 'em, or perish in their cause.

(Exit.)

Evan. Whither, oh, whither shall Evander go ?
 I'm at the goal of life ; if in the race,
 Honour has follow'd with no lingering step,
 But there sits smiling with her laurell'd wreath,
 To crown my brow, there would I fain make halt,
 And not inglorious lay me down to rest.

Euph. And will you, then, refuse, when thus
 the gods
 Afford a refuge to thee ?

Evan. Oh ! my child,
 There is no refuge for me.

Euph. Pardon, sir :
 Euphrasia's care has form'd a safe retreat ;
 There may'st thou dwell ; it will not long be
 wanted ;
 Soon shall Timoleon, with resistless force,
 Burst yon devoted walls.

Evan. Timoleon !

Euph. Yes.
 The brave Timoleon, with the pow'r of Greece ;
 Another day shall make the city his.

Evan. Timoleon come to vindicate my rights !
 Oh, thou shalt reign in Sicily !—My child
 Shall grace her father's throne. Indulgent heav'n,
 Pour down your blessings on this best of daughters ;
 To her and Phocion give Evander's crown ;
 Let them, oh, let them both in virtue wear it,
 And in due time transmit it to their boy.

Enter Philotas.

Phil. All things are apt :—the drowsy centinel

Lies hush'd in sleep ; I'll marshal thee the way
Down the steep rock.

Euph. Oh, let us quickly hence.

Evan. The blood but loiters in these frozen
veins :

Do you, whose youthful spirit glows with life,
Do you go forth, and leave this mould'ring corpse
To me had heav'n decreed a longer date,
It ne'er had suffer'd a fell monster's reign,
Nor let me see the carnage of my people.
Farewell, Euphrasia ; in one lov'd embrace
To these remains pay the last obsequies,
And leave me here to sink to silent dust.

Euph. And will you then, on self-destruction
bent,
Reject my pray'r, nor trust your fate with me ?

Evan. Trust thee ! Euphrasia ? Trust in thee,
my child ?

Tho' life's a burden I could well lay down,
Yet I will prize it, since bestow'd by thee,
Oh, thou art (*She kneels, and he raises her.*)
good ; thy virtue soars a flight
For the wide world to wonder at : in thee,
Hear it all Nature, future ages hear it,
The father finds a parent in his child. (*Exeunt.*)

ACT III.

SCENE.—*Syracuse.*

(*Flourish of trumpets and drums.*)

Enter Dionysius and Officers.

Dion. Base deserters !

Curse on their Punic faith ! Did they once dare

To grapple with the Greek? Ere yet the main
Was ting'd with blood, they turn'd their ships
averse.

May storms and tempests follow in their rear,
And dash their fleet upon the Lybian shore!

Enter Calippus.

Calip. My liege, Timoleon, where the harbour
opens,

Has storm'd the forts, and even now his fleet
Pursues its course, and steers athwart the bay.

Dion. Ruin impends; and yet, if fall it mus
I bear a mind to meet it, undismay'd,
Unconquer'd ev'n by fate.

Calip. Through ev'ry street
Despair and terror fly. A panic spreads
From man to man, and superstition sees
Jove arm'd with thunder, and the gods against us.

Dion. With sacred rites their wrath must be
appeas'd.

Let instant victims at the altar bleed;
Let incense roll its fragrant clouds to heav'n,
And pious matrons, and the virgin train,
In slow procession to the temple bear
The image of their gods.

[*Exit Calippus.*

Dion. The solemn sacrifice, the virgin throng,
Will gain the popular belief, and kindle
In the fierce soldiery religious rage.
Away, my friends, prepare the sacred rites.

[*Exit Officers.*

Enter Philotas.

Philotas, thou draw near: how fares your pri-
soner?

Has he yet breath'd his last?

Phil. Life ebbs apace;
To-morrow's sun sees him a breathless corse.

Dion. Curse on his ling'ring pangs! Sicilia's
crown
No more shall deck his brow; and if the sand
Still loiter in the glass, thy hand, my friend,
May shake it thence.

Phil. It shall, dread sir; that task
Leave to thy faithful servant.

Dion. Oh! Philotas,
Thou little know'st the cares, the pangs of em-
pire,
The ermin'd pride, the purple that adorns
A conqueror's breast, but serves, my friend to
hide
A heart that's torn, that's mangled with re-
morse,
Each object round me wakens horrid doubts;
The flatt'ring train; the centinel that guards me,
The slave that waits, all give some new alarm,
And from the means of safety, dangers rise.
Ev'n victory itself plants anguish here,
And round my laurels the fell serpent twines.

Phil. Would Dionysius abdicate his crown,
And sue for terms of peace?

Dion. Detested thought!
No, though ambition teem with countless ills,
It still has charms of pow'r to fire the soul.
'Though horrors multiply around my head,
I will oppose them all. The pomp of sacrifice
But now ordain'd, is mockery to heav'n.
'Tis vain, 'tis fruitless: then let daring guilt
Be my inspirer, and consummate all.
Where are those Greeks, the captives of my
sword,

Whose desp'rate valour rush'd within our walls,
Fought near our person, and the pointed lance
Aim'd at my breast ?

Phil. In chains they wait their doom.

Dion. Give me to see 'em ; bring the slaves
before me.

Phil. What, ho ! Melanthon, this way lead
your prisoners.

*Enter Melanthon, with Greek Prisoners. and
Phocion.*

Dion. Assassins, and not warriors ! do ye come,
When the wide range of battle claims your sword,
Thus do you come against a single life
To wage the war ? Did not our buckler ring
With all your darts in one collected volley
Shower'd on my head ? Did not your swords at
once

Point at my breast, and thirst for regal blood ?

First Pris. We sought thy life—I am by birth
a Greek ;

An open foe in arms, I meant to slay
The foe of human kind.—With rival ardour
We took the field ; one voice, one mind, one
heart ;

All leagu'd, all covenanted : in yon camp
Spirits they are who aim, like us, at glory.
Whene'er you sally forth, whene'er the Greeks
Shall scale your walls, prepare thee to encounter
A like assault. By me the youth of Greece
Thus notify the war they mean to wage.

Dion. Thus then I warn them of my great re-
venge ;

Whoe'er in battle shall become our pris'ner,

In torment meets his doom.

First Pris. Then wilt thou see,
How vile the body, to a mind that pants
For genuine glory. Twice three hundred Greeks
Have sworn, like us, to hunt thee through the
ranks ;

Ours the first lot ; we've fail'd : on yonder plain
Appear in arms the faithful band will meet thee.

Dion. Vile slave, no more ; Melanthon, drag
'em hence

To die in misery. Impal'd alive.

The winds shall parch them on the craggy cliff.

Selected from the rest, let one depart

A messenger to Greece, to tell the fate

Her chosen sons, her first adventurers, met.

(*Exit.*

Melan. Unhappy men ! how shall my care pro-
tect

Your forfeit lives ? Philotas, thou conduct them

To the deep dungeon's gloom. In that recess,

'Midst the wild tumult of eventful war.

We may ward off the blow. My friends, farewell ;

That officer will guide your steps.

All follow Philotas except Phocion.

Pho. Disguis'd

Thus in a soldier's garb, he knows me not.

Melanthon !—————

Melan. Ha !—Those accents !—Phocion here ?

Pho. Yes, Phocion here ! Speak, quickly tell
me, say,

How fares Euphrasia ?

Melan. Ha !—beware !—Philotas,

Conduct those pris'ners hence ; this soldier here
Shall bear the tidings to Timoleon's camp.

Pho. Oh ! satisfy my doubts ; how fare Euphrasia ?

Melan. Euphrasia lives. and fills the anxious moments

With ev'ry virtue.—Wherefore venture hither ?

Why with rash valour penetrate our gates ?

Pho. Could I refrain ? Oh ! could I tamely wait

Th' event of ling'ring war ? With patience count

The lazy-pacing hours, while here in Syracuse

The tyrant keeps all that my heart holds dear

For her dear sake, all danger sinks before me ?

For her I burst the barriers of the gate,

Wher the deep cavern'd rock affords a passage.

A hundred chosen Greeks pursu'd my steps ;

We forc'd an entrance ; the devoted guard

Fell victims to our rage ; but in that moment

Down from the walls superior numbers came.

The tyrant led them on. We rush'd upon him,

If we could reach his heart, to end the war.

But heav'n thought otherwise. Melanthon, say,

I fear to ask it, lives Evander still ?

Melan. Alas, he lives imprison'd in the rock.

Thou must withdraw thee hence. Regain once more

Timoleon's camp : alarm his slumb'ring rage :

Assail the walls ; thou with thy phalanx seek

The subterraneous path ; that way at night

The Greeks may enter, and let in destruction

On the astonish'd foe.

Pho. By heav'n I will ;

My breath shall wake his rage ; this very night,

When sleep sits heavy on the slumb'ring city,

Then Greece unsheaths her sword, and great revenge

Shall stalk with death and horror o'er the ranks
Of slaughter'd troops, a sacrifice to freedom !
But first let me behold Euphrasia.

Melan. Hush

Thy pent-up valour : to a secret haunt
I'll guide thy steps : there dwell, and in apt time
I'll bring Euphrasia to thy longing arms.

Pho. Oh, lead me to her ; that exalted virtue
With firmer nerve shall bid me grasp the javelin ;
Shall bid my sword, with more than lightning's
 swiftness,

Blaze in the front of war, and glut its rage
With blows repeated in the tyrant's veins.

(Exeunt.)

SCENE.—*A Temple, with a Monument in the
Middle.*

*Enter Euphrasia, Erixene, and three other
Female Attendants.*

Euph. This way, my virgins, this way bend
 your steps.

Lo ! the sad sepulchre where, hears'd in death,
The pale remains of my dear mother lie.
There, while the victims at yon altar bleed,
And with your pray'rs the vaulted roof resounds,
There let me pay the tribute of a tear.
A weeping pilgrim o'er Eudocia's ashes.

Erix. Forbear, Euphrasia, to renew your
 sorrows.

Euph. My tears have dried their source ; then
 let me here

Pay this sad visit to the honour'd clay
That moulders in the tomb. These sacred viands
I'll burn, an offering to a parent's shade,

And sprinkle with this wine the hallow'd mould-
That duty paid, I will return, my virgins.

(Attendant opens the Door. She goes into the tomb.)

Erix. Look down, propitious pow'rs ! behold
that virtue,
And heal the pangs that desolate her soul.

Enter Philotas.

Phil. Mourn, mourn, ye virgins ; rend you'r
scatter'd garments ;
Some dread calamity hangs o'er our heads.
In vain the tyrant would appease with sacrifice
Th' impending wrath of ill-requited heav'n.
Ill omens hover o'er us. At the altar
The victim dropt, ere the divining seer
Had gor'd his knife. The brazen statues
trembled,
And from them marble drops of blood distill'd.

Erix. Now, ye just gods, if vengeance you
prepare,
Now find the guilty head.

Enter Euphrasia from the Tomb.

Euph. Virgins, I thank you—Oh, more lightly
now

My heart expands ; the pious act is done,
And I have paid my tribute to a parent.
Ah ! wherefore does the tyrant bend his way ?

Phil. He flies the altar ; leaves th' unfinish'd
rites.

No god there smiles propitious on his cause.
Fate lifts the awful balance ; weighs his life,

The lives of numbers, in the trembling scale.

Euph. Despair and horror mark his haggard looks,

Do you retire—

Exeunt Erixene and Attendants.

Retire, Philotas: let me here remain,
And give the moments of suspended fate
To pious worship and to filial love.

Phil. Alas! I fear to yield: awhile I'll leave thee,

And at the temple's entrance wait thy coming.

(Exit.)

Euph. Now then, Euphrasia, now thou may'st indulge

The purest ecstacy of soul. Come forth
Thou man of woe, thou man of every virtue.

Enter Evander from the Monument.

Evan. And does the grave thus cast me up again,

With a fond father's love to view thee? Thus
To mingle rapture in a daughter's arms?

Euph. How fares my father now?

Evan. Thy aid, Euphrasia,
Has giv'n new life. Thou from this vital stream
Deriv'st thy being; with unheard-of duty
Thou hast repaid it to thy native source.

Euph. Sprung from Evander, if a little portion
Of all his goodness dwell within my heart,
Thou wilt not wonder.

Oh, my father,

How did'st thou bear thy long, long suff'rings?

How

Endure their barb'rous rage ?

Evan. My foes but did
To this old frame what Nature's hand must do.
I was but going hence by mere decay
To that futurity which Plato taught,
Where the immortal spirit views the planets
Roll round the mighty year, and wrapt in bliss,
Adores th' ideas of th' eternal mind.
Thither, oh ! thither was Evander going.
But thou recall'st me ! thou !—

Euph. Timoleon too
Invites thee back to life.

Evan. And does he still
Urge on the siege ?

Euph. His active genius comes
To scourge a guilty race. The Punic fleet,
Half lost, is swallow'd by the roaring sea ;
The shatter'd refuse seek the Libyan shore,
To bear the news of their defeat to Carthage.

Evan. These are thy wonders, heav'n ! Abroad
thy spirit
Moves o'er the deep, and mighty fleets are
vanish'd.

Euph. Ha !—hark !—what noise is that ? It
comes this way.
Some busy footstep beats the hallow'd pavement.
Oh ! sir, retire.—Ye pow'rs !—Philotas !—ha !

Enter Philotas.

Phil. For thee, Euphrasia, Dionysius calls.
Some new suspicion goads him. At yon gate
I stopt Calippus, as with eager haste
He bent this way to seek thee. Oh, my sovereign,
My king, my injur'd master, will you pardon

The wrongs I've done thee? (*Kneels to Evander.*)

Evan. Virtue such as thine,
From the fierce trial of tyrannic pow'r,
Shines forth with added lustre.

Phil. Oh, forgive
My ardent zeal—there is no time to waste.
You must withdraw.—Trust to your faithful
friends.

Pass but another day, and Dionysius
Falls from a throne usurp'd.

Evan. But ere he pays
The forfeit of his crimes, what streams of blood
Shall flow in torrents round! Methinks I might
Prevent this waste of nature—I'll go forth,
And to my people show their rightful king.

Euph. Banish that thought. Forbear; therash
attempt
Were fatal to our hopes. Oppress'd, dismay'd,
The people look aghast, and, wan with fear,
None dare espouse your cause.

Evan. Yes, all will dare
To act like men; their king, I gave myself
To a whole people. I made no reserve;
My life was their's; each drop about my heart
Pledg'd to the public cause; devoted to it;
That was my compact; is the subject's less?
If they are all debas'd, and willing slaves,
The young but breathing to grow grey in bondage,
And the old sinking to ignoble graves,
Of such a race no matter who is king.
And yet I will not think it; no! my people
Are brave and gen'rous; I will trust their valour

(*Going.*)

Euph. Yet stay; yet be advis'd,

Phil. As yet, my liege,
No plan is fix'd, and no concerted measure.
'Trust to my truth and honour. Witness, gods,
Here in the temple of Olympian Jove
Philotas swears——

Evan. Forbear : the man, like thee,
Who feels the best emotions of the heart,
Truth, reason, justice, honour's fine excitements,
Acts by those laws, and wants no other sanction.

Euph. Again th' alarm approaches ! Sure
destruction

To thee, to all, will follow : hark ! a sound
Comes hollow murmuring thro' the vaulted isle ;
It gains upon the ear.——Withdraw my father ;
All's lost if thou art seen.

Phil. And lo ! Calippus
Darts with the lightning's speed across the isle.

Evan. Thou at the senate-house convene my
friends.

Melanthon, Dion, and their brave associates,
Will show that liberty has leaders still.

Anon I'll meet 'em there. (*Exit Philotas.*)

My child, farewell ;

Thou shalt direct me now.

Evander enters the Tomb.

Euph. (*Coming forward.*) How my distracted
heart throbs wild with fear !

What brings Calippus ? Wherefore ? Save me,
heav'n !

Enter Calippus.

Calip. This lonely musing in these drear abodes
Alarms suspicion ; the king knows thy plottings

Thy rooted hatred to the state and him.
His sov'reign will commands thee to repair
This moment to his presence.

Euph. Ha ! what means
The tyrant ? I obey (*exit Calippus.*) and oh !
ye pow'rs,

Ye ministers of heaven, defend my father ;
Support his drooping age ; and when anon
Avenging justice shakes her crimson steel,
Oh ! be the grave at least a place of rest ;
'That from his covert, in the hour of peace,
Forth he may come to bless a willing people,
And be your own just image here on earth.

ACT IV.

Enter Dionysius, Calippus, and Officers.

Dion. Away each vain alarm ; the sun goes
down,

Nor yet Timoleon issues from his fleet.
There let him linger on the wave worn beach ;
Here the vain Greek shall find another Troy,
A more than Hector here. Tho' Carthage fly,
Ourself, still Dionysius here remains.
And means the Greek to treat of terms of peace ?
By heav'n, this panting bosom hop'd to meet
His boasted phalanx on the embattled plain.
And doth he now, on peaceful councils bent,
Despatch his herald ?—Let the slave approach.

(*Calippus beckons to the Herald.*)

Enter the Herald.

Now speak thy purpose ; what doth Greece impart ?

Herald. Timoleon, sir, whose great renown in arms

Is equall'd only by the softer virtues
Of mild humanity that sway his heart,
Sends me his delegate to offer terms.

Oh which ev'n foes may well accord ; on which
The fiercest nature, tho' it spurn at justice,
May sympathise with his.

Dion. Unfold thy mystery :
Thou shalt be heard.

Herald. The gen'rous leader sees,
With pity sees the wild destructive havoc
Of ruthless war ; he hath survey'd around
The heaps of slain that cover yonder field,
And touch'd with gen'rous sense of human woe,
Weeps o'er his victories.

Dion. Your leader weeps !
Then let the author of those ills thou speak'st of,
Let the ambitious factor of destruction,
Timely retreat, and close the scene of blood.
Why doth affrighted peace behold his standard
Uprear'd in Sicily ? and wherefore here
The iron ranks of war, from which the shepherd
Retires appal'd, and leaves the blasted hopes
Of half the year, while closer to her breast
The mother clasps her infant ?

Herald. 'Tis not mine
To plead Timoleon's cause ; not mine the office
To justify the strong, the righteous motives
That urge him to the war : the only scope

My deputation aims at, is to fix
An interval of peace, a pause of horror,
That they, whose bodies on the naked shore,
Lie weltering in their blood, from either host
May meet the last sad rites to nature due,
And decent lie in honourable graves.

Dion. Go tell your leader, his pretexts are
vain.

Let him, with those that live, embark for Greece,
And leave our peaceful plains: the mangled limbs
Of those he murder'd, from my tender care
Shall meet due obsequies.

Herald. The hero, sir,
Wages no war with those who bravely die,
'Tis for the dead I supplicate; for them
We sue for peace; and to the living too,
'Timolcon would extend it; but the groans
Of a whole people have unsheath'd his sword.
A single day will pay the funeral rites.
To-morrow's sun may see both armies meet
Without hostility, and all in honour;
You to inter the troops, who bravely fell;
We, on our part, to give an humble sod
To those who gain'd a footing on the isle,
And by their death have conquer'd.

Dion. Be it so;
I grant thy suit: soon as to-morrow's dawn.
Illume the world, the rage of wasting war
In vain shall thirst for blood.
Thou know'st my last resolve, and now, farewell.
Some careful officer conduct him forth.

(Exeunt Herald and Officer.)

By heav'n, the Greek hath offer'd to my sword

An easy prey ; a sacrifice to glut
My great revenge. Calippus, let each soldier
This night resign his wearied limbs to rest,
That, ere the dawn, with renovated strength,
On the unguarded, unsuspecting foe,
Disarm'd, and bent on superstitious rites,
From every quarter we may rush undaunted,
Give the invaders to the deathful steel,
And by one carnage, bury all in ruin.
My valiant friends, haste to your several posts,
And let this night a calm unruffled spirit
Lie hush'd in sleep—away, my friends, disperse.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Philotas !

Enter Philotas.

Waits Euphrasia, as we order'd ?

Phil. She's here at hand.

Dion. Admit her to our presence.

[*Exit Philotas.*

Rage and despair, a thousand warring passions,
All rise by turns, and piecemeal rend my heart.
Yet ev'ry means, all measures must be tried,
To sweep the Grecian spoiler from the land,
And fix the crown unshaken on my brow.

Enter Euphrasia.

Euph. What sudden cause requires Euphrasia's
presence ?

Dion. Approach, fair mourner, and dispel thy
fears.

Thy grief, thy tender duty to thy father,
Has touched me nearly. In his lone retreat,
Respect, attendance, ev'ry lenient care

To soothe affliction, and extend his life,
Evander has commanded.

Euph. Vile dissembler!

Detested homicide! (*Aside.*) And has thy heart
Felt for the wretched?

Dion. Urgencies of state
Abridg'd his liberty; but to his person
All honour hath been paid.

Euph. The righteous gods
Have mark'd thy ways, and will in time repay
Just retribution.

Dion. If to see your father,
If here to meet him in a fond embrace,
Will calm thy breast, and dry those beauteous
tears,

A moment more shall bring him to your presence.

Euph. Ha! lead him hither!—Sir, to move
him now,
Aged, infirm, worn out with toil and years—
No, let me seek him rather—If soft pity
Has touch'd your heart, oh! send me, send me
to him.

Dion. Control this wild alarm: with prudent
care
Philotas shall conduct him; here I grant
The tender interview.

Euph. Disastrous fate!
Ruin impends! This will discover all.
I'll perish first; provoke his utmost rage. (*aside*)
Tho' much I languish to behold my father,
Yet now it were not fit—the sun goes down;
Night falls apace; soon as returning day—

Dion. This night, this very hour, you both
must meet.

Together you may serve the state and me.
 Thou see'st the havoc of wide-wasting war ;
 And more, full well you know, are still to bleed.
 Thou may'st prevent their fate.

Euph. Oh, give the means,
 And I will bless thee for it !

Dion. From a Greek,
 Torments have wrung the truth. Thy husband,
 Phocion—

Euph. Oh, say ! speak of my Phocion !

Dion. He ! 'tis he
 Hath kindled up this war ; with treacherous arts
 Inflam'd the states of Greece, and now the traitor
 Comes with a foreign aid to wrest my crown.

Euph. And does my Phocion share Timoleon's
 glory ? [bellion

Dion. With him invests our walls and bids re-
 Ereect her standard here.

Euph. Oh ! bless him, gods !
 Where'er my hero treads the paths of war,
 List on his side ; against the hostile javelin
 Uprear his mighty buckler ; to his sword
 Lend the fierce whirlwind's rage, that he may come
 With wreaths of triumph, and with conquest
 crown'd,

And a whole nation's voice
 Applaud my hero with a love like mine !

Dion. Ungrateful fair ! Has not our sovereign
 will

On thy descendants fix'd Sicilia's crown ?
 Have I not vow'd protection to your boy ?

Euph. From thee the crown ! from thee ! Eu-
 phrasia's children

Shall on a nobler basis found their rights—
 On their own virtue, and a people's choice,

Dion. Misguided woman !

Euph. Ask of thee protection ;

The father's valour shall protect his boy.

Dion. Rush not on sure destruction ; ere too late

Accept our proffer'd grace. The terms are these :
Instant send forth a message to your husband ;
Bid him draw off his Greeks, unmoor his fleet,
And measure back his way. Full well he knows
You and your father are my hostages ;
And for his treason both may answer.

Euph. Think'st thou then,
So meanly of my Phocion ? Dost thou deem him
Poorly wound up to a mere fit of valour,
To melt away in a weak woman's tear ?
Oh ! thou dost little know him—know'st but little

Of his exalted soul. With gen'rous ardour
Still will he urge the great, the glorious plan.
And gain the ever honour'd bright reward
Which fame entwines around the patriot's brow,
And bids for ever flourish on his tomb,
For nations freed and tyrants laid in dust.

Dion. By heav'n, this night Evander breathes
his last !

Euph. Better for him to sink at once to rest,
Than linger thus, beneath the gripe of famine,
In a vile dungeon scoop'd with barb'rous skill
Deep in the flinty rock ; a monument
Of that fell malice, and that black suspicion
That mark'd your father's reign :—Vice liv'd secure ;

It flourish'd, triumph'd, grateful to his heart ;
'Twas virtue only could give umbrage ; then

In that black period, to be great and good,
Was a state crime ; the powers of genius then
Were a constructive treason !

Dion. Obdurate woman, obstinate in ill !
Here ends all parley ! Now your father's doom
Is fix'd—irrevocably fixed ! This night
Thou shalt behold him, while inventive cruelty
Pursues his wearied life through every nerve !
I scorn all dull delay. This very night
Shall sate my great revenge. [*Exit.*

Euph. This night, perhaps,
Shall whelm thee down, no more to blast crea-
tion.

My father, who inhabit'st with the dead,
Now let me seek thee in the lonely tomb,
And tremble there with anxious hope and fear.

SCENE.—*The Inside of the Temple.*

Enter Melanthon and Phocion.

Pho. Each step I move, a grateful terror shakes
My frame to dissolution.

Melan. Summon all
Thy wonted firmness. In that dreary vault
A living king is number'd with the dead.
I'll take my post, near where the pillar'd isle
Supports the central dome, that no alarm
Surprise you in the pious act.

Pho. If here
They both are found ; if in Evander's arms
Euphrasia meets my search, the fates atone
For all my sufferings, all afflictions past,
Yes, I will seek them—ha !—the gaping tomb
Invites my steps—now be propitious, heaven !

(He enters the Tomb.)

Enter Euphrasia.

Euph. All hail, ye caves of horror!—In this gloom

Divine content can dwell; the heartfelt tear,
Which, as it falls, a father's trembling hand
Will catch, and wipe the sorrows from my eye.
Who's there?—Evander?—Answer—tell me—
speak!

Enter Phocion, from the Tomb.

Pho. What voice is that?—Melanthon!

Euph. Ha! those sounds!—

Speak of Evander; tell me that he lives,
Or lost Euphrasia dies!

Pho. Heart-swelling transport!

Art thou Euphrasia?—'Tis thy Phocion, love;
Thy husband comes.—

Euph. Support me! Reach thy hand——

Pho. Once more I clasp her in this fond embrace!

Euph. What miracle has brought thee to me?

Pho. Love

Inspir'd my heart, and guided all my ways.

Euph. Oh, thou dear wanderer! But wherefore here?

Why in this place of woe?—My tender little one,
Say, is he safe? Oh! satisfy a mother;
Speak of my child, or I go wild at once:
Tell me his fate, and tell me all thy own!

Pho. Your boy is safe, Euphrasia; lives to reign

In Sicily; Timoleon's gen'rous care
Protects him in his camp. Dispel thy fears:
The gods once more will give him to thy arms.

Euph. My father lives sepulchred ere his time,

Here in Eudocia's tomb. Let me conduct thee—

Pho. I came this moment thence——

Euph. And saw Evander?

Pho. Alas! I found him not.

Euph. Not found him there?

And have they then—have the fell murderers—

Oh!

(*Faints away.*)

Pho. I've been too rash; revive, my love,
revive;

Thy Phocion calls: the gods will guard Evander,
And save him to reward thy matchless virtue.

Enter Melanthon and Evander.

Evan. Lead me, Melanthon, guide my aged
steps

Where is he? Let me see him.

Pho. My Euphrasia;

Thy father lives!—Thou venerable man!

Behold!—I cannot fly to thy embrace.

Evan. Euphrasia! Phocion too! Yes, both are
here;

Oh, let me thus, thus strain you to my heart.

Euph. Why, my father,

Why thus adventure forth?—The strong alarm
O'erwhelm'd my spirits;

Evan. I went forth, my child,

When all was dark, and awful silence round,

To throw me prostrate at the altar's foot,

And crave the care of heaven for thee and thine

Melanthon there——

Enter Philotas.

Phil. Inevitable ruin hovers o'er you:
The tyrant's fury mounts into a blaze:
Unsated yet with blood, he calls aloud
For thee, Evander; thee his rage hath order'd
This moment to his presence.

Evan. Lead me to him.

His presence hath no terror for Evander.

Euph. Horror!—It must not be!

Phil. No; never, never:

I'll perish rather.—But the time demands
Our utmost vigour.

His policy has granted

A day's suspense from arms; yet even now
His troops prepare, in the dead midnight hour,
With base surprise, to storm Timoleon's camp.

Evan. And doth he grant a false insidious truce,
To turn the hour of peace to blood and horror?

Euph. I know the monster well. When
specious seeming
Becalms his looks, the rankling heart within
Teems with destruction.

Melan. Now, Phocion, now, on thee our hope
depends:

Fly to Timoleon—I can grant a passport;
Rouse him to vengeance; on the tyrant turn
His own insidious arts, or all is lost!

Pho. Evander, thou, and thou, my best
Euphrasia,
Both shall attend my flight!

Melan. It were in vain;
Th' attempt would hazard all.

Euph. Together here.

We will remain, safe in the cave of death ;
And wait our freedom from thy conqu'ring arm.

Evan. Oh, would the gods roll back the stream
of time,

And give this arm the sinew that it boasted
At Tauromenium, when its force resistless
Mow'd down the ranks of war ; I then might
guide

The battle's rage, and, ere Evander die,
Add still another laurel to my brow.

Euph. Enough of laurell'd victory your
sword

Hath reap'd in earlier days.

Evan. And shall my sword,
When the great cause of liberty invites,
Remain inactive, unperforming quite ?

Youth, second youth, rekindles in my veins !
Tho' worn with age, this arm will know its
office ;

Will show that victory has not forgot
Acquaintance, with this hand.—And yet—O
shame !

It will not be ; the momentary blaze
Sinks, and expires—I have surviv'd it all ;
Surviv'd my reign my people, and myself.

Euph. Fly, Phocion, fly ; Melanthon will con-
duct thee.

Melan. And when th' assault begins, my faith-
ful cohorts

Shall form their ranks around this sacred dome.

Pho. And my poor captive friends, my brave
companions

Taken in battle, wilt thou guard their lives ?

Phil. Trust to my care : no danger shall assail them.

Pho. By heav'n, the glorious expectation swells

This panting bosom ! Yes, Euphrasia, yes ;
Awhile I leave you to the care of heaven,
Fell Dionysius, tremble ; ere the dawn,
'Timoleon thunders at your gates—The rage,
The pent-up rage of twenty thousand Greeks,
Shall burst at once ; and the tumultuous roar
Alarm th' astonish'd world.

Evan. Yet, ere thou go'st, young man,
Attend my words : tho' guilt may oft provoke,
As now it does, just vengeance on its head,
In mercy punish it. 'The rage of slaughter
Can add no trophy to the victor's triumph ;
Conquest is proud, inexorable, fierce ;
It is humanity ennobles all ;
So thinks Evander, and so tell Timoleon.

Pho. Farewell ; the midnight hour shall give
you freedom.

[*Exit with Melanthon and Philotas*

Euph. Ye guardian deities, watch all his
way.

Evan. Come my Euphrasia ; in this interval
Together we will seek the sacred altar.
And thank the God, whose presence fills the
dome,
For all the wond'rous goodness lavish'd on us.

ACT V.

Enter Dionysius and Calippus.

Dion. Ere the day clos'd, while yet the busy
eye

Might view their camp, their stations and their
guards,

Their preparations for approaching night,
Didst thou then mark the motions of the Greeks?

Calip. From the watch-tow'r I saw them : all
things spoke

A foe secure, and discipline relax'd.

Dion. Their folly gives them to my sword: are
all

My orders issu'd ?

Calip. All.

Dion. The troops retir'd

To gain recruited vigour from repose ?

Calip. The city round lies hush'd in sleep.

Dion. Anon,

Let each brave officer, of chosen valour,

Meet at the citadel.—An hour at furthest

Before the dawn, 'tis fix'd to storm their camp.

Haste, Calippus,

Fly to thy post, and bid Euphrasia enter.

[Exit Calippus.]

Evander dies this night : Euphrasia too
Shall be dispos'd of. Curse on Phocion's fraud,
That from my pow'r withdrew their infant boy :
In him the seed of future kings were crush'd,
And the whole hated line at once extinguish'd !

Enter Euphrasia.

Dion. Once more approach, and hear me : 'tis
not now

A time to waste in the vain war of words .

A crisis big with horror is at hand.

I meant to spare the stream of blood, that soon

Shall deluge yonder plains. My fair proposals

Thy haughty spirit has with scorn rejected.

And now, by heaven, here in thy very sight

Evander breathes his last !

Euph. If yet there's wanting

A crime to fill the measure of thy guilt,

Add that black murder to the dreadful list ;

With that, complete the horrors of thy reign !

Dion. Woman, beware : Philotas is at hand,

And to our prescence leads Evander. All

Thy dark complottings, and thy treach'rous arts,

Have prov'd abortive.

Euph. Ha ! What new event ?

And is Philotas false ?—Has he betray'd him ?

[*Aside.*

Enter Philotas.

Euph. How my heart sinks within me !

Dion. Where's your prisoner ?

Phil. Evander is no more.

Dion. Ha !—Death has robb'd me

Of half my great revenge.

Phil. Worn out with anguish,

I saw life ebb apace. With studied art

We gave each cordial drop, alas ! in vain ;

He heav'd a sigh ; invok'd his daughter's name,
Smil'd, and expir'd.

Dion. Bring me his hoary head.

Phil. You'll pardon, sir, my over-hasty zeal ;
I gave the body to the foaming surge
Down the steep rock, despis'd.

Dion. Now rave and shriek,
And rend your scatter'd hair ! No more Evander
Shall sway Sicilia's sceptre.
Now then thou feel'st my vengeance !

Euph. Glory in it ;
Exult and triumph ! Thy worst shaft is sped !
Yet still th' unconquer'd mind with scorn can
view thee ;

With the calm sunshine of the breast can see
Thy pow'r unequal to subdue the soul,
Which virtue form'd, and which the gods protect

Dion. Philotas, bear her hence ! she shall not
live ;

This moment bear her hence ; you know the rest ;
Go, see our will obey'd ; that done, with all
A warrior's speed attend me at the citadel ;
There meet the heroes, whom this night shall
lead

To freedom, victory, to glorious havoc,
And the destruction of the Grecian name !

Euph. Accept my thanks, Philotas, generous
man !

These tears attest th' emotions of my heart.
But oh ! should Greece defer—

Phil. Dispel thy fears ;
Phocion will bring relief ; or should the tyrant
Assault their camp, he'll meet a marshall'd foe.
Let me conduct thee to the silent tomb.

Euph. Ah! there Evander, naked and disarm'd
Defenceless quite, may meet some ruffian stroke.

Phil. Lo! here's a weapon: bear this dagger
to him.

In the drear monument should hostile steps
Dare to approach him, they must enter singly:
This guards the passage; man by man they die.
There may'st thou dwell amidst the wild commo-
tion.

Euph. Ye pitying gods, protect my father
there!

SCENE.—*The Citadel.*

[*Flourish of Drums and trumpets.*]

*Enter Officers, met by Dionysius and two Offi-
cers.*

Dion. Ye brave associates, who so oft have
shar'd

Our toil and danger in the field of glory,
My fellow warriors, what no god could promise,
Fortune hath giv'n us. In his dark embrace,
Lo! sleep envelops the whole Greeian camp.
Against a foe, the outcasts of their country,
Freebooters roving in pursuit of prey,
Success by war, or covert stratagem,
Alike is glorious. Then my gallant friends,
What need of words? The gen'rous call of free
dom,

Your wives, your children, your invaded rights,
All that can steel the patriot breast with valour,
Expands and rouses in the swelling heart.

Follow th' impulsive ardour ; follow me,
Your king, your leader ; in the friendly gloom
Of night assault their camp ; your country's love
And fame eternal, shall attend the men
Who march'd through blood, and horror, to re-
deem

From the invader's power, their native land.

Sel. Lead to the onset ; Greece shall find
we bear

Hearts prodigal of blood, when honour calls,
Resolv'd to conquer, or to die in freedom.

Dion. Thus I've resolved : when the declining
moon

Hath veil'd her orb, our silent march begins.
The order thus ; Calippus, thou lead forth
Iberia's sons, with the Numidian bands,
And line the shore. Perdiccas, be it thine
To march thy cohorts to the mountain's foot,
Where the wood skirts the valley ; there make
halt

Till brave Amyntor stretch along the vale.
Ourself, with the embodied cavalry,
Clad in their mail'd cuirass, will circle round
To where their camp extends its furthest line ;
Unnumber'd torches there shall blaze at once,
The signal of the charge : then, oh ! my friends,
On every side let the wild uproar loose ;
Bid massacre and carnage stalk around,
Unsparring, unrelenting : drench your swords
In hostile blood, and riot in destruction.

Enter Calippus.

Calip. To arms, my liege ; the foe breaks in
upon us ;

The subterraneous path is theirs ; that way
Their band invades the city sunk in sleep.

Dion. Treason's at work. Away my friends ;
Rouse all the war ; fly to your several posts,
And instant bring all Syracuse in arms !

(Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.)

(Exeunt.)

SCENE.—*The inside of the Temple.*

(A Monument in the middle.)

Euphrasia, Erixene, and three Attendants.

Euph. Which way, Erixene, which way, my
virgins,
Shall we direct our steps ? What sacred altar
Clasp on our knees ?

Erix. Alas ! the horrid tumult
Spreads the destruction wide. On ev'ry side
The victors' shouts, the groans of murder'd
wretches

In wild confusion rise ! Once more descend
Eudocia's tomb ; there thou may'st find a shelter.

Euph. Anon, Erixene, I mean to visit,
Perhaps for the last time, a mother's urn.
This dagger there, this instrument of death,
Should fortune prosper the fell tyrant's arms,
This dagger then may free me from his pow'r,
And that drear vault intomb us all in peace !
(Puts up the dagger.)

(Flourish.)

Hark ! the din
Of arms with clearer sound advances. *(Flourish.*
Hark !

That sudden burst ;—(*Flourish.*)—again ; they
rush upon us.

The portal opens ! lo ! see there ; behold ;

War, horrid war, invades the sacred fane :

No altar gives a sanctuary now. (*Flourish.*)

Enter Dionysius, Calippus, and Officers.

Dion. Here will I mock their siege ; here stand
at bay,

And brave 'em to the last.

Calip. Our weary foes

Desist from the pursuit.

Dion. Tho' all betray me,

Tho' every god conspire, I will not yield.

If I must fall, the temple's ponderous roof,

The mansion of the gods combin'd against me,

Shall first be crush'd, and lie in ruin with me,

Euphrasia here ! Detested, treach'rous woman !

For my revenge preserv'd ! By heav'n 'tis well ;

Vengeance awaits thy guilt, and this good sword

Thus sends thee to atone the bleeding victims

This night hath massacred.

Calip. (*Holding Dionysius's arm.*) My liege,
forbear ;

Her life preserv'd may plead yqur cause with
Greece,

And mitigate your fate.

Dion. Presumptuous slave !

My rage is up in arms ; by heav'n, she dies !

Enter Evander from the Tomb.

Evan. Horror !—forbear !—thou murd'rer,
hold thy hand

The gods behold thee, horrible assassin !

Restrain the blow ; it were a stab to heav'n,
 All nature shudders at it. Will no friend
 Arm, in a cause like this, a father's hand ?
 Strike at this bosom rather. Lo ! Evander
 Prostrate and grov'ling on the earth before thee
 He begs to die ; exhaust the scanty drops
 That lag about his heart ; but spare my child.

Dion. Evander ! Do my eyes once more
 behold him ?

May the fiends seize Philotas ! Treach'rous
 slave !

'Tis well thou liv'st ; thy death were poor re-
 venge

From any hand but mine ! *(Offers to strike.*

Euph. No, tyrant, no ;

(Rushing before Evander.)

I have provok'd your vengeance : through this
 bosom

Open a passage ; first on me, on me

Exhaust your fury ; every power above,

Commands thee to respect that aged head ;

His wither'd frame wants blood to glut thy
 rage ;

Strike here ; these veins are full ; here's blood
 enough :

The purple tide will gush to glad thy sight.

Dion. Amazement blasts and freezes ev'ry
 pow'r !

(Flourish.)

Ha ! the fierce tide of war

This way comes rushing on.

(Exit, with Officers and Calippus.)

Euph. (*Embracing Evander.*) Oh, thus, my father,

We'll perish thus together !

Dion. (*Without*) Bar the gates !

Close ev'ry passage, and repel their force.

Evan. And must I see thee bleed ? Oh ! for a sword !

Bring, bring me daggers.

Euph. Ha !

Enter Dionysius, Calippus, and Officers.

Dion. Guards, seize the slave,

And give him to my rage.

Evan. (*Seiz'd by two of the Officers.*) Oh, inhuman villains.

Euph. Now one glorious effort ; (*Aside.*

Dion. Let me despatch ; thou traitor, thus my arm—

Euph. A daughter's arm, fell monster, strikes the blow.

(*She stabs him.*)

Yes, first she strikes ; an injur'd daughter's arm
Sends thee devoted to the infernal gods.

(*He falls*

Dion. Detested fiend ! Thus by a woman's hand !—

Euph. Yes, tyrant, yes ; in a dear father's cause

A woman's vengeance towers above her sex.

Dion. May curses blast thy arm ! May Ætna's fires

Convulse the land ; to its foundation shake
 The groaning isle ! May civil discord bear
 Her flaming brand through all the realms of
 Greece ;
 And the whole race expire in pangs like mine.

(Dies.)

Euph. Behold, all Sicily behold ! The
 point
 Glows with the tyrant's blood. Ye slaves, (*To
 the Guards.*) look there !
 Kneel to your rightful king : the blow for free-
 dom
 Gives you the rights of men ! And oh ! my
 father,
 My ever honour'd sire, it gives thee life.

Evan. My child ; my daughter ! Sav'd again
 by thee ! (*He embraces her.*)

(*A Flourish of trumpets and Drums.*)

*Enter Phocion, Melanthon, Philotas, Arcas,
 Greek Herald, Greek Officer, and Greek
 Soldiers.*

Pho. Now let the monster yield.—My best
 Euphrasia !

Euph. My lord ! my Phocion ! welcome to my
 heart !

Lo ! there the wonders of Euphrasia's arm !

Pho. And is the proud one fall'n ! The dawn
 shall see him

A spectacle for public view——Euphrasia !

Evander too !——Thus to behold you both——

Evan. To her direct thy looks ; there fix thy
praise,
And gaze with wonder there ! The life I gave
her—

Oh she has us'd it for the noblest ends !
To fill each duty ; make her father feel
The purest joy, the heart-dissolving bliss
To have a grateful child. But has the rage
Of slaughter ceas'd ?

Pho. It has.

Evan. Where is Timoleon ?

Pho. He guards the citidal : there gives his
orders

To calm the uproar, and recall from carnage
His conqu'ring troops.

Euph. Oh ! once again, my father,
Thy sway shall bless the land. Not for himself
Timoleon conquers ; to redress the wrongs
Of bleeding Sicily, the hero comes.
The good Melanthon, thee, thou gen'rous man,
His justice shall reward. Thee too, Philotas,
Whose sympathising heart could feel the touch
Of soft humanity, the hero's bounty,
His brightest honours shall be lavish'd on thee.
Evander too will place you near his throne ;
And show mankind, ev'n on this shore of
being,
That virtue shall meet its sure reward.

Phil. I am rewarded ; feelings such as mine
Are worth all dignities ; my heart repays me.

Evan. Come, let us seek Timoleon ; to his
care

I will commend ye both : for now, my friends,
Thrones and dominions now no more for me.

To thee I give my crown : yes, thou, Euphrasia
Shalt reign in Sicily. And, oh ! ye pow'rs;
In that bright eminence of care and peril,
Watch over all her ways ; conduct and guide
The goodness you inspir'd that she may prove,
If e'er distress like mine invade the land.
A parent to her people ; stretch the ray
Of filial piety to times unborn.
That men may hear her unexampled virtue,
And learn to emulate *The Grecian Daughter* !

[Flourish of trumpets and Drums.]

THE END.



